

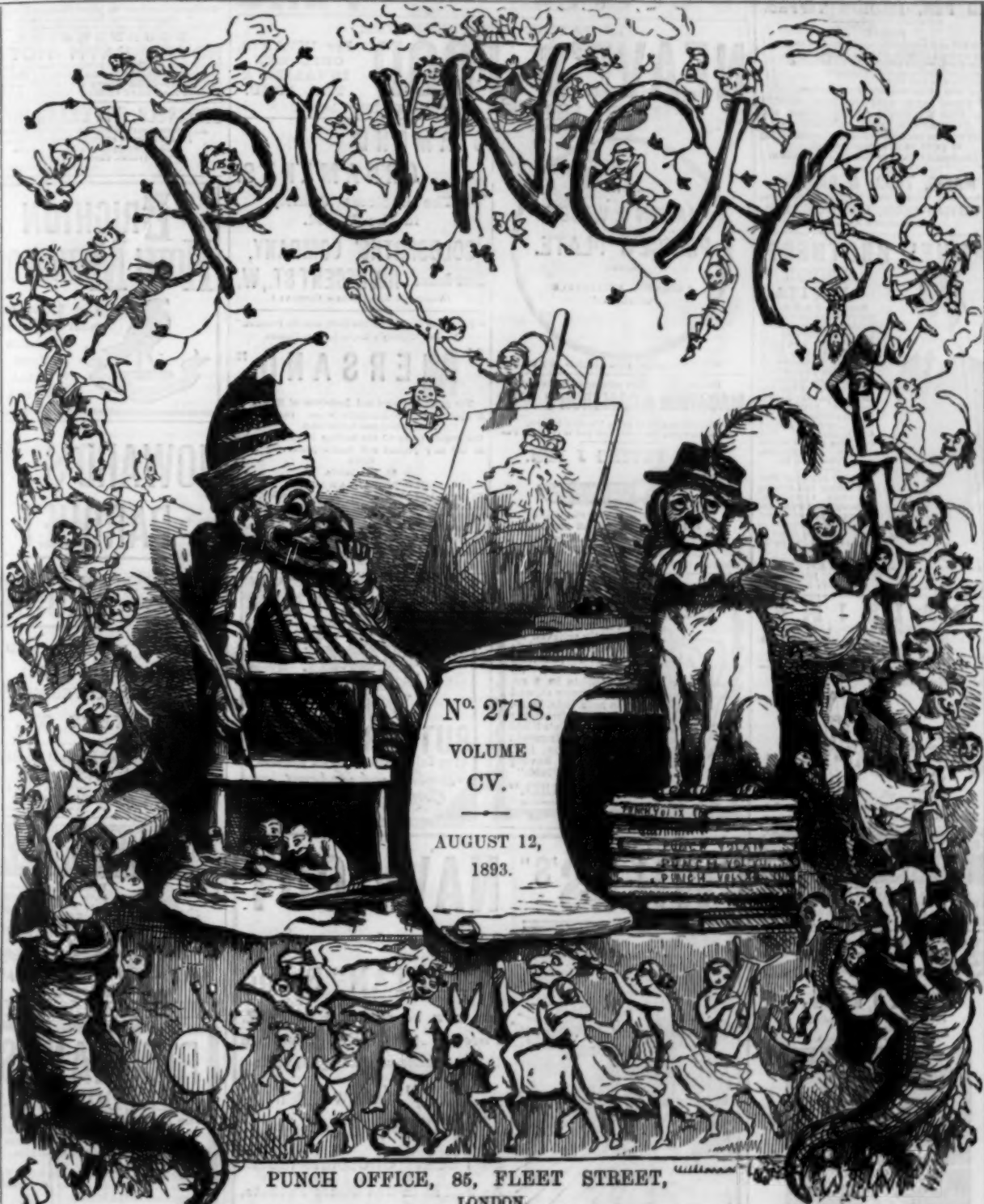
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TABLE WATERS
AS SUPPLIED TO
THE QUEEN.

SCHWEPPE'S

SODA, SELTZER, &c.,
IN BOTTLES
AND IN THEIR
PATENT PORCELAIN-LINED
SYPHONS.

THE CLOSURE AT HOME.

PATERFAMILIAS entered the drawing-room at ten minutes to six o'clock, and found the family still undecided. There was a pause in the conversation when he made his appearance.

"Where are we to go?" he asked, taking out his watch. "You have been quarrelling for the last week, and I have given you till this hour. So get through your amendments as fast as you can."

"I prefer Paris," said Materfamilias, "and I am supported by all the girls. We are decidedly in a majority."

"Paris is simply awful at the end of July!" cried the eldest son. "Give you my word, mother, the place is impossible."

"Venice would certainly be better," said his younger brother. "Charming place, and you get a very decent table d'hôte at DANIELI'S."

"Oh, Venice is too dreadful just now!" exclaimed Aunt MATILDA. "If we are to go with you, we certainly can't travel there. Besides, there's the cholera all over the Continent. Now Oban would be nice."

"Are you speaking seriously?" asked Cousin JANZ. "Scotland never agrees with me, but Cairo would be perfect."



THE TEST OF TRUE GENIUS.

Pictor Ignotus Number One. "YES; I RATHER FLATTER MYSELF THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW OF MY CONTEMPORARIES WHO CARE ABOUT MY WORK!"

Pictor Ignotus Number Two (not to be beaten). "BY JOVE! I RATHER FLATTER MYSELF I'VE GOT THE PULL OF YOU THERE, OLD MAN! WHY, THERE'S NOBODY CARES ABOUT MINE!"

"Do you think so, my dear girl?" put in Uncle JOHN. "I fancy you are making a mistake. Egypt is very well in the winter, but it is fearfully hot in August. Now they tell me Killarney is simply delightful at this season."

"Ireland! No, thank you!" exclaimed REGINALD. "We have had enough of Home Rule on this side of the Channel to go across to find it on the other. No; give me Spain, or even Russia."

The hands of the clock were close upon the hour, but still there was a minute or so to spare.

"Russia indeed!" snapped out PRISCILLA. "Who ever would go to Russia? But people do tell me that Chicago is well worth seeing, and—"

At this moment the clock struck six.

"Time's up," cried Paterfamilias. "We will all go to Herne Bay."

And they did.

The New Atomic Theory.

(According to the New Journalism).

MANKIND are debtors to two mighty creditors, Omniscient Science, and infallible Editors.

Nature is summed in principles and particles; The moral world in Laws and Leading Articles!

CRICKET ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

WE believe that our lively neighbours, the French, having seen that there is a chance of some alteration being made in the rules of cricket in England, have determined to suggest some changes on their own account. We give the first list of proposals:—

1. The ball in future is to be made of india-rubber.
2. Armour to be allowed to the striker, so as to prevent accidents from the ball.
3. The umpires to be henceforth experienced surgeons, so that their medical services may be available for the wounded.
4. Camp-stools to be permitted to the long-stop, and other hard-worked members of the field.
5. Fielders expected to run after a rapidly-driven ball, to be allowed to follow the object on bicycles.
6. The wicket-keeper to have a small portable fortress in front of him to keep him out of danger.
7. The bats to be made of the same materials as those used in lawn-tennis.
8. The game to commence with the "luncheon interval," to be employed in discussing a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.
9. The uniform of the cricketer in future to consist of a horn, a hunting-knife, jockey-cap and fishing-boots, in fact the costume of the earliest French exponent of the game.
10. The outside to have the right to declare the game closed when fatigued.
11. A band of music to be engaged to play a popular programme. A flourish of trumpets to announce the triumph of the striker when he succeeds in hitting the ball.
12. Those who take part in the great game to be decorated with a medal. All future matches to be commemorated with clasps, to denote the player's bravery.

Should these reforms be adopted by the M. C. C., there seems little doubt that the national game of England will receive a fresh lease of popularity in the land that faces Albion.

THE LATEST CRISIS.

[MR. BARTLEY protested in the House of Commons against Mr. W. O'BRIEN's conduct in dining in the House with strangers at a table reserved for Members. Mr. O'BRIEN explained that Mr. AUGUST CHAMBERLAIN had taken a table which he (Mr. O'BRIEN) had previously reserved. The question is under the consideration of the Kitchen Committee.]

A CRISIS! A crisis! The man is a fool
Who desires at this moment to talk of Home Rule.
Though we know that in Egypt a something is rotten,
The intrigues of young ABBAS are straightway forgotten;
And we think just as much of the woes of Siam
As we care for that coin of small value—a *dam*.
For a crisis has come, and the House is unable
To detach its attention from questions of table.
Their tongues and their brains all the Members exhaust in
Discussing the rights of O'BRIEN and AUSTEN.
They debate in an access of anger and gloom
As to who took from which what was kept, and for whom.
The letters they wrote, the retorts they made tartly
Are detailed—gracious Powers preserve us—by BARTLEY,
Who can bend—only statesmen are formed for such
feats—

His mind, which is massive, to questions of seats,
And discuss with a zest which is equal to TANNER'S,
The absorbing details of a matter of manners.
Mr. BARTLEY you like to be heard than to hear
Far more, but, forgive me, a word in your ear.
Though we greatly rejoice when all records are cut
By your steam-hammer mind in thus smashing a nut,
Yet we think it were well if the Kitchen could settle
In private this question of pot versus kettle.
And in future, when dog-like men fight for a bone,
Take a hint, Mr. BARTLEY, and leave them alone.

LATEST FROM THE NATIONAL BOXING SALOON (with the kind regards of the SPEAKER).—"The nose has it, and so have the eyes!"

SAINT IZAAK AND HIS VOTARIES.

Mr. Punch's Tercentenary Tribute to the Author of "The Compleat Angler."

[August 9th this year is the 300th anniversary of the birth, in the ancient house at Stafford, of IZAAK WALTON.]



GOOD IZAAK of the diction quaint,
 The calendar holds many a fellow
 Less worthy to be dubbed a saint
 (For gentle heart and wisdom mellow)
 Than thou, the Angler's genial guide
 By wandering brook and river wide.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas," [singer,
 So chirped WILL BASS, thy favourite
 "Fresh rivers best my mind do please."
 Bard-loving quoter, brave back-bringer
 Of England's pastoral scenes and songs,
 All England's praise to thee belongs.

Thy Book bewitches more than those
 Who are sworn "Brothers of the Angle."
 Scents of fresh pastures, wilding rose,
 All trailing flowers that intertangle
 In England's hedgerows, seem to fill
 Its pages and our pulses thrill.



GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Mr. Laidislaw. "HANDSOME WOMAN OUR HOSTESS—DON'T YOU THINK? BY THE BYE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HER AGE IS?"
Miss St. Cyr. "WELL, I SHOULD FANCY, WHAT THE ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHIES CALL 'PRESENT DAY!'"

We see the stretch "up Totnam Hil,"
 Toward the "Thatcht House" that fresh
 May morning;
 We hear VIATOR praise the skill
 That he was first inclined to scorn;
 We mark the Master's friendly proffer
 Change him to votary from scoffer.
 Those "many grave and serious men,"
 He chid as "men of sower complexions,"
 If they resist his graphic pen,
 His pastorals sweet, his quaint reflections,
 Must have indeed mere souls of earth,
 To beauty blind, untuned to mirth.
 The "poor-rich-men" he pitied so
 All Anglers, and wise hearts, must pity.
 His song's queer "trollie lollie loe,"
 Sounds cheerily as the blackbird's ditty,
 To men in populous city pent,
 Who know the Angler's calm content.
 And even those who know it not,
 Nor care—poor innocents!—to know it,
 Whom ne'er the Fisher's favoured lot
 Has thrilled as sportsman, fired as poet,
 May love to turn the leaves, and halt on
 The quaint conceits of honest WALTON.
 The man whose only "quill" 's a pen,
 Who keeps no rod and tackle handy,
 May hear thy "merry river" when
 "It bubbles, dances, and grows sandy."
 May sit beneath thy beech, and wish
 To catch thy voice, if not thy fish:
 May love to sit or stroll with thee,
 Amidst the grassy water-meadows;
 The culverkeys and cowslips see,
 Dancing in summer's lights and shadows;

And watch yon youngster gathering stocks
 Of lilies and of lady-smocks:

To hear thy milkmaid, MAUDLIN, troll
 Choice morsels from KIT MARLOW sweetly;
 And MAUDLIN's mother,—honest soul,
 Whose "golden age" has fled so fleetly!—
 Respond with RALPH's answering rhyme
 Of wisdom past its active prime:

To take a draught of sound old ale—
 What tippie wholesomer or sweeter?—
 At the old ale-house in the vale,
 With CORYDON and brother PETER;
 And share the "Musick"'s mellow bout,
 As they at supper shared the trout.

Then to that cleanly room and sweet—
 After a gay good night to all—
 Lavender scent about the sheet,
 And "ballads stuck about the wall,"
 And fall on sleep devoid of sorrow,
 With fair dreams filled of sport to-morrow.

What wonder WALTON's work has charmed
 Three centuries? That his bait has cap-
 tured

The grey recluse, the boy switch-armed,
 The sage, the statesman, bard enraptured,
 Gay girl—are fish her only spoil?—
 And grave Thames-haunting son of toil!

Thy votaries, good Saint ISAAC, are
 "All who love quietness, and vertue."
 Is there on whom such praises jar?
 Well, join for once—it scarce can hurt
 you—

In *Punch's* Tribute; fortune wishing
 To gentle souls who "go a-fishing!"

"HERE'S TO THE CLIENT."

HERE'S to the client who makes his own
 will,
 And here's to his friends who dispute it;
 Here's to the case which is drawn up with
 skill,
 And the time that it takes to refute it.

Here's to the felon whose crimes are a
 score,
 And here's to the wretch with but one,
 Sirs;
 Fraudulent trustees, directors galore,
 And the various things that they've done,
 Sirs.

Here's to the costs which will mount up
 apace,
 When the action comes on for a hearing,
 "Retainers," "refreshers," and all of their
 race,
 Which they lavish on us for appearing.

Here's to the Law, with its hand just and
 strong,
 Which has grown from the earliest
 ages;
 And here's to this lay, which we hope's not
 too long
 For *Punch* to put into his pages.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING (adapted
 for exclusives swells who cannot enjoy even a
 Sport when it becomes "so common, don't-
 cha!")—What is Everybody's pleasure is
 Nobody's pleasure!

TO A SWISS BAROMETER.

Oh, optimistic instrument,
No other ever seeks
To raise one's hopes—benevolent
You always show *Beau fixe*!
Though meteorologic swells
Predict wet days for weeks,
Your well-intentioned pointer tells
Of nothing but *Beau fixe*.
How sweet, when in the dewy
morn—
So dewy!—up the peaks
We start through drizzle all for-
lorn,
To read again *Beau fixe*.
It makes us think of sunny lands,
Where weather has no freaks,
To see, they're always so, your
hands
Both point to that *Beau fixe*.
And though we're sodden to the
skin, [breaks,
Through coat and vest and
You did not mean to take us in
In spite of your *Beau fixe*.
We tramp, expecting soon to see
In that grey sky some streaks;
Ah no, it's fixed as fixed can be,
As fixed as your *Beau fixe*.
No matter, we get used to rain,
And mop our streaming cheeks,
Quite sure, when we get home
again,
You cannot say *Beau fixe*.
At last, all soaked, we stagger
in—
One's clothing simply leaks—
And still you say, through thick
and thin,
Unchangeably *Beau fixe*.
We change, although you don't;
no thread
Is dry on us; small creeks



AN AUTHORITY ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF THE "BUFFER STATE"!!

Form where we stand, all drenched
from head
To foot. Blow your *Beau fixe*!
This beastly weather might have
riled
The philosophic Greeks;
It makes us simple Britons wild,
Combined with your *Beau fixe*.
We tell the landlord we must
go—
Poor man, he rather piques
Himself upon the weather, so
Incessantly *Beau fixe*.
"Ah, non, ça va changer ce
soir!"
Thus hopefully he speaks,
"Si Monsieur voulait bien voir
Le baromètre—*Beau fixe*!"

Adapted.

(To the Unionist Needs of the
Moment.)

OTHER men have many faults,
Mr. GLADSTONE has but two;
There's nothing wise that he can
say, and nothing right that
he can do.

IN a recent case, Mr. LANE,
the magistrate, is reported to
have informed an inquiring
husband, "If your wife turns
you out she is not bound to find
you a home; but if you turn
your wife out you are bound to
find her a home." This suggests
a new Charity, "The Home for
Turned-out Wives." These ladies
would be seen driving out in
well-appointed traps, and gain
a new status in Society as being
"uncommonly well-turned-out"
wives.

ANOTHER SCENE AT THE PLAY.

(That never should be tolerated.)

SCENE—Auditorium of a Fashionable Theatre. Vast majority of
the audience deeply interested in the action and dialogue of an
excellent piece. Enter a party of Lady Emptyheads into a
Private Box.

First Emptyhead (taking off her wraps). I told you there was no
necessity to hurry away from dinner. You see they are getting on
very well without us.

Second Empty. (seating herself in front of the box). Yes. And it's
so much pleasanter to chat than to listen. This piece, they tell me,
is full of clever dialogue—so satisfactory to people who like that sort
of thing.

Third Empty. (looking round the house with an opera-glass). Why
so rarely a soul in the place we know. Well, I suppose everybody is
leaving town. Stay, is that Mrs. EVERGREEN TOFFY?

Fourth Empty. (also using her glasses). Why, yes. I wish we
could make her see us.

First Empty. Haven't you noticed that you never can attract
attention when you want to? Isn't it provoking?

Second Empty. Oh, terribly; and there is Captain DASHALONG.
Why, I thought he was at Aldershot.

Third Empty. Oh, they always give them leave about this time of
the year.

Rest of Audience (sternly). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Fourth Empty. I wonder what's the piece about.

Third Empty. Oh, it doesn't in the least matter. Sure to be
sparkling. Do you like that woman's hair?

Fourth Empty. Scarcely. It's the wrong shade. How can people
make such frights of themselves!

First Empty. I wonder if this is the Second Act, or the First!

Third Empty. What does it matter! I never worry about a
piece, for I know I shall see all about it afterwards in the
papers.

Rest of Audience (with increased sternness). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Second Empty. I always come to this theatre because the chairs are

comfortable. What is the good of going to the play unless you can
enjoy yourself?

Third Empty. Quite so. And it's much better fun without one's
husband, isn't it?

First Empty. Of course. I never bring mine, because he always
goes to sleep! So disrespectful to the actresses and actors!

Second Empty. Yes. Of course, one ought to listen to what's going
on, even if you don't care what it's all about.

Fourth Empty. Quite so. Not that it isn't pleasant to look round
the house.

Rest of Audience (angrier than ever). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Third Empty. Yes, I often think that this side of the curtain is
quite as amusing as the other.

Fourth Empty. I wonder what they are doing on the stage? Oh, I
see that the Act is nearly over! Well, I daresay it has been very
amusing.

Rest of Audience (furious). Hush! Hush! Hush!

First Empty. There descends the curtain! By the way, what a
noise those people in the pit have been making! I wonder what it
was all about?

Second Empty. I haven't the faintest notion. However, when the
play begins again, I hope they won't make any more noise. It is so
disrespectful to the Audience.

First Empty. And the Company. Why can't people behave them-
selves in a theatre?

Second, Third, and Fourth Empty. (in chorus). Ah yes! Why
can't they?

[Scenes close in upon a renewal of chatter upon the raising of the
Curtain on another Act.]

"GIVE A DAY A BAD NAME AND—."—It is stated that the day
of the disgraceful Donnybrook in the House of Commons has been
nicknamed "Collar Day," because Mr. HAYES FISHER seized
Mr. LOGAN by the collar, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "collared"
Mr. O'BRIEN's table in the dining-room. This is all very well in
its way, but would not "Choler Day" be more appropriate and
intelligible?

A DREAM-BOOK

For Would-be Travellers.

If you dream of—

Antwerp. Remember the Reubens and forget the passage over.*Boulogne.* Remember the Casino and forget the Port.*Calais.* Remember the Restaurant at the station and forget the dull surroundings.*Dieppe.* Remember the Plage and forget the occasional gales.*Etretat.* Remember the sands and forget the prices.*Florence.* Remember the pictures and forget the heat.*Geneva.* Remember the lake and forget the city.*Heidelberg.* Remember the castle and forget the climbing.*Interlachen.* Remember the Jung Frau and forget the tourists.*Japan.* Remember the interesting associations and forget the length of the journey.*Lisburn.* Remember that it is little known and forget that it is not worth seeing.*Madrid.* Remember that you can get there in two days and forget that you will regret the time you spend upon the trip.*Naples.* Remember that you should see the Bay and forget that you are expected to die immediately afterwards.*Paris.* Remember that it is always pleasant and forget that the exception is during August.*Quebec.* Remember it's in Canada and forget that it's the least pleasing place in America.*Rome.* Remember its objects of interest and forget its fever.*Strasbourg.* Remember that it has a Cathedral and forget that the clock is a fraud.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Blenkinsop (on a Friend's Yacht) soliloquises. "I KNOW ONE THING, IF EVER I'M RICH ENOUGH TO KEEP A YACHT, I SHALL SPEND THE MONEY IN HORSES."

Turin. Remember that it might be quite worth the journey and forget that it isn't.

Venice. Remember its canals and forget its odours.

Vichy. Remember that there is a good hotel and forget that you have been there a dozen times before.

Wiesbaden. Remember the glories of its past and forget the sadness of its present.

Zurich. Remember that it is completely abroad and forget that there's no place like home.

ONLY THEIR PLAY!

ABNORMAL natures, morbid motives! Yes!

These things, upon the stage, perhaps impress.

Monstrosities, not true men's hearts, nor women's.

Trolls, with a touch of the *delirium tremens*,

Neurotic neurospasts, puppets whose wires

Are pulled by morbid dreams and mad desires;

Not men and women 'midst our world's temptations,

But fevered phantasy's bizarre creations.

Despite *Solness* and *Mrs. Tanqueray*.

"People don't do these things"—except in play!

AS IN A GLASS DARKLY.—Grubby and grovelling "Realists" boast that they only "hold the mirror up to Nature." Perhaps! But when their particular "mirror" happens to be—as it commonly is—dirty and distorting, Nature, like the victim of a bad looking-glass at a country inn, is taken at a disadvantage. There are mirrors which make a man look a monster, but then the monstrosity is not in the man but the mirror.

TIMON ON BIMETALLISM.

(Adapted from Shakespeare.)

["He advocates bimetalism with the passionate ardour of a prophet promulgating a new revelation. On most subjects he is cool, analytical, and perhaps a little cynical; but on this subject he is an enthusiast."—*The Times* on Mr. Balfour's Speech about Bimetalism.]

Timon of London, loquatur:—

THE learned pate Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique; There's nothing level in our currency But monometallism! Gold doth lord Great lands, societies, and throngs of men. That the sun rounds the earth, that earth's a disc, Are foolish fads that TIMON much disdains As duping dull mankind. But will they rank

My fad—Bimetalism—along with such? I seek a dual standard; gold alone Is a most operant poison! What is here? Gold? yellow, precious, glittering gold? No, gods, I am no aureate votarist. Silver seems

To me, and to wise WALSH, a fair twin-standard

Fit to set up, that variable values May find stability in dual change,

With a fixed ratio, which the world must find,

Or our one standard, like a pirate's flag, Will lead us to disaster. Monometallism

Is—Monomania. This yellow slave Will break, not knit, our Commerce. I can be

Cool, analytical, even cynical On trifles—such as Separatism's sin,

Or County Council Crime; but this thing stirs

My tepid blood, e'en as Statistics warm The chilly soul of GOSCHEN. Come, curst

gold, Thou common ore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee Take thy right place! Thou mak'st my

heart beat quick, But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,

Orthodox keepers of thee cannot stand Against a passionate prophet's promulgation

Of a new economic revelation.

"Put up your gold!" But put up silver, too,

(As WALSH, and GREENFELL, and Sage CHAPLIN urge).

Or banded Europe—some day—shall smash up Our City to financial chaos. Aye!

I may talk lightly about trivial things, And cynically smile on twaddle's trifles,—

Union of hearts, optimist ecstasies, Fervours, and faiths, the breaks of prisoned

Pats, Coercion's bondage and such bagatelles— But on this Titan theme—Bimetalism—

TIMON is in hot earnest!

A Short Way with Wasps.

A PLAGUE of wasps infests the South In consequence of the hot season!—

Humph! Is it torrid heat and drouth Deprive our Commons of cool reason?

A plague of wasps infests the House! Its managers the matter mull, for

They have not (like poor HODGE) the nous To smoke pests out with (moral) sulphur!

To check HAYES FISHER's style, or TIM's tone, MELLOR tries treacle; he needs brimstone.



A LESSON.

Father (on receiving Bill for Luncheon at one of our very modern London Restaurants). "HALLO! WHAT!! OVER TWO GUINEAS FOR MERELY—! WHY, HANG IT—!"
His Son (small Etonian). "OH, WELL NEVER MIND, FATHER. IT'S A THING TO DO ONCE, AND WE WON'T DO IT AGAIN!"

THE STORMY PETREL.

["This bird has long been celebrated for the manner in which it passes over the waves, pattering with its webbed feet and flapping its wings so as to keep itself just above the surface. It thus traverses the ocean with wonderful ease, the billows rolling beneath its feet and passing away under the bird without in the least disturbing it."—*Wood's Popular Natural History.*]

ONLY a Petrel, I,
Telling the storm is nigh;
Fleet o'er the waves I fly,
When skies look stormy.
When things are calm and slow,
I 'midst Brum rocks lie low;
But when wild breezes blow
Men may look for me.

Lured from my Midland home,
When gales begin to roam
Proudly I skim the foam,
Flapping and pattering!
I with the airiest ease
Traverse the angriest seas
Round the wild Hebrides
Bellowing and battering.

But the wild Irish coast
Suits my strong flight the most.
Breeze-baffling wings I boast,
Nothing disturbs me.
Cool 'midst the tempest's crash,
Swift through the foam I dash,
Wind flout or lightning flash
Scares not, nor curbs me.

Sea-birds are silly things,
Squat bodies, stunted wings.
Where is the bard who sings
Penguin or puffin,

Grebe, guillemot, or gull?
Oh, the winged noodles, null,
In timid flocks and dull,
Squattin' and stuffin'!

I, like the albatross,
Love on the winds to toss,
Where gales and currents cross
My fodder finding.
Let Gulls and Boobies rest
Safe in a sheltered nest,
I'm bold the breeze to breast
Tamer fowl blinding.

Only a Petrel, I,
Calm in a calm I lie,
But when 'neath darkening sky
Strife lifteth her face,
When the red lightnings glare,
Then, from my rocky lair
Darting, I cleave the air,
Skimming sea's surface.

Some swear the storm I raise;
That's superstition's craze;
But on tempestuous days,
Wild, wet, and windy,
Herald of storm I fly.
Only a Petrel, I,
But when my form you spy,—
Look out for shindy.

"BENEFITS FORGOT."—This is the title of a serial in *Scribner's*. Many over-strict persons will not read it, being under the impression that the story is essentially theatrical. A natural mistake. Nothing in an actor's life could give occasion for more bitter reflection than the memory of "Benefits Forgot," especially after they had been got up and advertised at great personal expense.

TO A FINE WOMAN.

(By a Little Man.)

"CAN my eyes reach thy size?"
Asked the Lilliputian poet,
As I've read. Can my head
Reach your shoulder? It's below it.

Women all are so tall
Nowadays, but you're gigantic;
One so vast, sweeping past,
Makes my five feet four feel frantic.

Each girl tries exercise,
Rows, rides, runs, golf, cricket, tennis,
Games for an Olympian—
Greek Olympia, not "Venice."

Stalks and shoots, climbs in boots
Like a navy's not a dandy's,
Ice-axe takes, records breaks—
If not neck—on Alps or Andes.

Alps in height, girls affright
Men, like me, of puny figure;
They are too tall, but you
Are preposterously bigger.

At this dance, if I glance
Round the room, I see I'm smallest;
You instead are a head
Over girls and men, you're tallest.

As a pair, at a fair,
Any showman might produce us;
Dwarf I'd do, giant you—
What! They want to introduce us?

Can I whirl such a girl?
Calisthenics could not teach it.
I, effaced, clasp your waist?
I'll be hanged if I can reach it!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 12, 1893.



THE STORMY PETREL!

THE NATIONAL BUREAU

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toll.)

No. I.—THE BISHOP'S CRIME.

I was sitting alone in my room at 10.29 on the night of the 14th of last November. I had been doing a good deal of work lately, and I was tired. Moreover, I had had more than one touch of that old Afghan fever, which always seemed to be much more inclined to touch than to go. However, we can't have everything here to please us; and as I had only the other day attended two bankers and a Lord Mayor for measles, I had no real cause to complain of my prospects. I had drawn the old armchair in which I was sitting close to the fire, and, not having any bread handy, I was occupied in toasting my feet at the blaze when suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour, and PICKLOCK HOLES stood by my side. I was too much accustomed to his proceedings to express any surprise at seeing him thus, but I own that I was itching to ask him how he had managed to get into my house without ringing the bell. However, I refrained, and motioned him to a chair.

"My friend," said this extraordinary man, without the least preface, "you've been smoking again. You know you have; it's not the least use denying it." I absolutely gasped with astonishment, and gazed at him almost in terror. How had he guessed my secret? He read my thoughts, and smiled.

"Oh, simply enough. That spot on your shirt-cuff is black. But it might have been yellow, or green, or blue, or brown, or rainbow-coloured. But I know you smoke Rainbow mixture, and as your canary there in the corner has just gone blind, I know further that bird's-eye is one of the component parts of the mixture."

"HOLES," I cried, dropping my old meerschaum out of my mouth in my amazement; "I don't believe you're a man at all—you're a devil."

"Thank you for the compliment," he replied, without moving a single muscle of his marble face. "You ought not to suppose—He was going to have added 'pose,' but the first syllable seemed to suggest a new train of thought (in which, I may add, there was no second class whatever) to my inexplicable friend.

"No," he said; "the devilled bones were not good. Don't interrupt me; you had devilled bones for supper, or rather you would have had them, only you didn't like them. Do you see that match? A small piece is broken off the bottom, but enough is left to show it was once a lucifer—in other words, a devil. It is lying at the feet of the skeleton which you use for your anatomical investigations, and therefore I naturally conclude that you had devilled bones for supper. You didn't eat them, for not a single bone of the skeleton is missing. Do I make myself clear?"

"You do," I said, marvelling more than ever at the extraordinary perspicacity of the man. As a matter of fact, my supper had consisted of bread and cheese; but I felt that it would be in extremely bad taste for a struggling medical practitioner like myself to contradict a detective whose fame had extended to the ends of the earth. I picked up my pipe, and relit it, and, for a few moments, we sat in silence. At last I ventured to address him.

"Anything new?" I said.

"No, not exactly new," he said, wearily, passing his sinewy hand over his expressionless brow. "Have you a special *Evening Standard*? I conclude you have, as I see no other evening papers here. Do you mind handing it to me?"

There was no deceiving this weird creature. I took the paper he mentioned from my study table, and handed it to him.

"Now listen," said HOLES, and then read, in a voice devoid of any sign of emotion, the following paragraph:—"This morning, as Mrs. DRABLEY, a lady of independent means, was walking in Piccadilly, she inadvertently stepped on a piece of orange-peel, and fell heavily on the pavement. She was carried into the shop of Messrs. SALVER AND TANKARD, the well-known silversmiths, and it was at first thought she had broken her right leg. However, on being examined by a medical man who happened to be passing, she was pronounced to be suffering from nothing worse than a severe bruise, and, in the course of half-an-hour, she recovered sufficiently to be able to proceed on her business. This is the fifth accident caused by orange-peel at the same place within the last week."

"It is scandalous!" I broke in. "This mania for dropping orange-

peel is decimating London. Curiously enough I happen to be the medical man who—"

"Yes, I know; you are the medical man who was passing."

"HOLES," I ejaculated, "you are a magician."

"No, not a magician; only a humble seeker after truth, who uses as a basis for his deduction some slight point that others are too blind to grasp. Now you think the matter ends there. I don't. I mean to discover who dropped that orange-peel. Will you help me?"

"Of course I will, but how do you mean to proceed? There must be thousands of people who eat oranges every day in London."

"Be accurate, my dear fellow, whatever you do. There are 78,965, not counting girls. But this piece was not dropped by a girl."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Never mind; it is sufficient that I do know it. Read this," he continued, pointing to another column of the paper. This is what I read:—

"MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.—A great conference of American and Colonial Bishops was held in Exeter Hall this afternoon. The proceedings opened with an impassioned speech from the Bishop of FLORIDA—"

"Never mind the rest," said HOLES, "that's quite enough. Now read this":—

"The magnificent silver bowl to be presented to the Bishop of FLORIDA by some of his English friends is now on view at Messrs. SALVER AND TANKARD'S in Piccadilly. It is a noble specimen of the British silversmith's art." An elaborate description followed.

"These paragraphs," continued HOLES, in his usual impassive manner, "give me the clue I want. Florida is an orange-growing country. Let us call on the Bishop."

In a moment we had put on our hats, and in another moment we were in a Hansom on our way to the Bishop's lodgings in Church Street, Soho. HOLES gained admittance by means of his skeleton key. We passed noiselessly up the stairs, and, without knocking, entered the Bishop's bedroom. He was in his night-gown, and the sight of two strangers visibly alarmed him.

"I am a detective," began HOLES.

"Oh," said the Bishop, turning pale.

"Then I presume you have called about that curate who disappeared in an alligator swamp close to my episcopal palace in Florida. It is not true that I killed him. He—"

"Tush," said HOLES, "we are come about weightier matters. This morning at half-past eleven your lordship was standing outside the shop of SALVER AND TANKARD looking at your presentation bowl. You were eating an orange. You stowed the greater part of the peel in your coat-tail pocket, but you dropped, maliciously dropped, one piece on the pavement. Shortly afterwards a stout lady passing by trod on it and fell. Have you anything to say?"

The Bishop made a movement, but HOLES was before-hand with him. He dashed to a long black coat that hung behind the door, inserted his hand deftly in the pocket, and pulled out the fragmentary remains of a large Florida orange.

"As I supposed," he said, "a piece is missing."

But the miserable prelate had fallen senseless on the floor, where we left him.

"HOLES," I said, "this is one of your very best. How on earth did you know you would find that orange-peel in his coat?"

"I didn't find it there," replied my friend; "I brought it with me, and had it in my hand when I put it in his pocket. I knew I should have to use strong measures with so desperate a character. My dear fellow, all these matters require tact and imagination."

And that was how we brought home the orange-peel to the Bishop.

Ben Trowate.

A PENNY-A-LINER heard—with a not unnatural choler—

That he of all invention was apparently bereft;

And so he up and told them that a smart left-handed bowler,

"Manipulates the leather with the left!"

That's very chaste and novel, and alliterative too;

As a sham Swinburnian poet we should think that man might do!



"The Bishop was in his night-gown, and the sight of two strangers visibly alarmed him."



EDUCATED.

(From a Yorkshire Moor.)

Keeper (to the Captain, who has missed again, and is letting off steam in consequence). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! IT'S HAWFUL TO SEE YER MISSIN' OF 'EM, SIR; BUT"—(with admiration)—"YE 'RE A SCHOLARD I' LANGWIDGE, SIR!"

CRICKET CONGRATULATIONS.

843! Well done! Well played! Well hit!
It opens *Mr. Punch's* eyes a bit
To see our friends of the Antipodes
Pile up their hundreds with the utmost ease.
BRUCE leads the way, and shows Blues—Dark and Light—
Left-handed men may play the game aright.
Then BANNERMAN, safe as a GUN is he,
Exceeds the Century by thirty-three,
While five more than a hundred runs are due
To TRUMBLE, whom his friends call simply "HUGH."
Well played, Australia! Banks may fail—they do,
And, truth to tell, you have lost one or two,
But this at any rate's a clear deduction—
Your Cricket Team can need no reconstruction!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.—No one who chanced last Thursday to see HAYES FISHER and LOGAN engaged in controversy on Front Opposition Bench would suspect them of essentially retiring disposition. This conclusively proved to-night. Decided on further consideration that something must really be done in direction of modifying effects of Thursday's riot. Someone must apologise. This put to HAYES FISHER, who delighted WALBOND with swiftness, even enthusiasm, of acquiescence.

"Right you are, dear boy," he cried. "I have thought so from the first. Indeed I have publicly placed the matter in its true light. Dare say you read my little affidavit written within an hour of what I quite agree with the SPEAKER in alluding to as 'the regrettable incident.' Here's what I said: 'To put a stop to his (LOGAN's) aggressive conduct, I immediately seized him by the neck and forcibly ejected him on to the floor of the House. That began the scrimmage.' Then I go on to point the moral, though indeed it points itself. This is where you and I particularly agree. 'In my opinion the responsibility for the discreditable scene rests even more with Mr. GLADSTONE than with Mr. LOGAN.' Yes, WALBOND, you

are quite right in what you are about to say. I have shown clearly that Mr. G. was at the bottom of the whole business, and he should apologise. Don't you think he'd better be brought in at the Bar? And if he spent a night or two in the Clock Tower it would have most wholesome effect, vindicate dignity of House, and prevent recurrence of these regrettable scenes."

WALBOND's face a study, whilst HAYES FISHER, carried away by enthusiasm of moment, rubbed his hands and smiled in anticipation of the scene.

The Opposition Whip had tough job in hand. To FISHER's logical mind the proposal that he should apologise was a *non sequitur*. Why, what had he done? As he told House later, seeing LOGAN come up and sit down on bench below him, he thought he was going to strike him. Natural attitude for a man meaning to let out straight from the shoulder at another is to sit down with back turned towards intended victim. FISHER's quick intelligence taking whole situation in at glance, he promptly proceeded to take in as much as his hands would hold of the back of LOGAN's neck, with intent to thrust him forth. That, as he wrote, "began the scrimmage." In other words, Mr. GLADSTONE was responsible for the whole business, even more so than LOGAN, who had wantonly brought the back of his neck within reach of FISHER's hand.

However, there were reasons of State why the guilty should go unpunished. Not the first time Innocency has been sacrificed that Guilt might stalk through the land unfettered. FISHER would apologise; but here again the untameably logical mind asserted itself. LOGAN must apologise first. It was he who had been forcibly ejected. On Thursday night FISHER had come up behind him; *argal*, he must follow him now. Thus it was settled, or so understood. But when critical moment arrived, House waiting for someone to speak, hitch occurred. FISHER waited for LOGAN; LOGAN, in excess of politeness, hung back. Awkward pause. SPEAKER observed he had certainly understood something might be said by the two gentlemen. Another pause. LOGAN and FISHER eyed each other across the floor.

Lord CHATHAM, with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir RICHARD STRACHAN;
Sir RICHARD, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of CHATHAM.

At length PRINCE ARTHUR interposed; gently, but firmly, drew

the coo FISHER to the front. His apology followed by one from the lingering LOGAN. Scene ended amid mutual tears.

"Yes, it's all very well," said FISHER, wringing his pocket-handkerchief and glaring angrily at Mr. G. "But, after all, the real criminal has escaped, and logic, as applicable to events of daily life, has received a staggering blow."

Business done.—ACLAND explained English Education Estimates in speech admirable alike in matter and manner.

Tuesday.—Some men are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. Of these is WILLIAM O'BRIEN. It would seem that fate had

the almanack this is so; according to appearances an eternity and a hemisphere divide the two scenes.

In Committee on Vote on Account; average attendance from twenty to thirty. Orders bristle with amendments; papers read in support of them; occasionally a Member follows with observations on topic suggested; sometimes he doesn't; then next gentleman who has prepared paper takes the floor; the audience turns over; goes to sleep again; wakened by Chairman putting question "that Amendment be withdrawn." Isn't even vigour sufficient to induce a division.

Only person free from somnolent influence of hour is Mr. G. Has nothing to do in this galley; looks on wistfully whilst LOWTHER (not JIMMY) talks about Vitq and the Pamirs; JIMMY (*his mème*) is sarcastic on subject of Board of Trade engaging in experiments in journalism; and DICKY TEMPLE wants to know all about reported modifications in constitution of St. Paul's School by the Charity Commissioners. Mr. G. liked to have offered few remarks on one or all these subjects. TOMMY BOWLES nearly succeeded in drawing him. Dropping lightly out of Siam. *via* Morocco, upon question of Collisions at Sea, TOMMY brought MUNDELLA into full focus and fairly floored him with a problem.

"Suppose," he said, "the right hon. gentleman were at sea, and the whole fleet bore down upon him on the weather bow. What would he do?"

MUNDELLA nonplussed. Mr. G. knew all about it; would have answered right off and probably silenced even TOMMY with proposition of counter manoeuvre. But MAJORIBANKS kept relentless eye on him. Vote on Account must be got through Committee to-night. The less speaking the better; so with profound sigh Mr. G. resisted the temptation and composed himself to listen to LENE's paper on the prohibition of importation of live cattle from Canada. Here was opportunity of learning something which Mr. G. gratefully welcomed. Gradually, as the new knight went on reading extract after extract in level voice, remorse-

lessly deliberate, Mr. G.'s eyes closed, his head drooped, and in full view of the crowded Strangers' Gallery he fell into peaceful, childlike slumber.

Business done. Vote on Account passed Committee.

Friday.—Morning sitting devoted to miscellaneous talk around Ireland. Evening, a long STOREY about iniquities of House of Lords. The evening and the morning a dull day. Had time to look over Mr. G.'s letter about retention of Irish Members. "What do you think of it?" I asked the Member for Sark. "Haven't read it," he said. "When I saw it was a column long, I knew



Another Injustice to Ireland.

expended its malignity when PRINCE ARTHUR deprived him of his breeches. Now JOSEPH has appropriated his dinner-table. The lynx eye of BARTLEY detected the irregularity which disclosed existence of this fresh outrage. BARTLEY favourably known in House as guardian of its honour and dignity. From time to time spirit moves him suddenly to rise and point fat forefinger at astonished Mr. G., whom he has discovered in some fresh design upon stability of the Empire or symmetry of the Constitution. At stated hours, formerly on Thursdays ten o'clock now generally on stroke of midnight, he is seen and heard shouting "Gag! gag!"

"Odd," says Member for Sark, "how phrases change in similar circumstances though at different epochs. When Closure first invented, put in motion by dear Old MORALITY, and supported by BARTLEY, HANBURY, JIMMY LOWTHER, and the rest, it used to be spoken resentfully of as 'pouncing.' Now it is 'gagging.' But it is precisely the same, inasmuch as the minority of the day, against whom it is enforced, denounce it as iniquitous, whilst the majority, who took that view when they were on other side of House, now regard it as indispensable to conduct of public business. BARTLEY having lived through both epochs is useful illustration of this tendency. When Old MORALITY pounced on Irish members his lusty shout of approval used to echo through House with only less volume than now his roar of anguish goes up to glass roof when Old MORALITY's original thumbcrews are fitted on him and his friends. A quaint, mad world, my TOBY."

To-night BARTLEY not so well-informed on subject as usual. Thought it was JOHN DILLON, who, acting the part of AMPHITRYON, piloted his guests within preserves of members' private dining-room. Turned out it wasn't DILLON at all, but WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who in most tragic manner tells how, having secured in advance a table for his guests, found when the dinner-hour struck JOSEPH and his Brethren seated thereat, merrily profiting by his forethought. Straightway O'BRIEN led his guests to the table in members' room which Unionist Leaders have marked for their own. This he appropriated, and there, regardless of surprised looks from ex-ministers at adjoining table, he truculently dined.

"Well, at any rate," said TIM HEALY, that Man of Peace, "I'm glad it wasn't mere English or Orangemen who were thus treated. If JOSEPH had appropriated SAUNDERSON's table, the Colonel would have taken him in his arms, dropped him outside on the Terrace, and, returning to his seat, ordered a fresh plate of soup." *Business done.*—BARTLEY adds fresh dignity to Parliamentary debate.

Thursday.—Was it this day week the House was in volcanic upheaval, with HAYES FISHER—or was it Mr. GLADSTONE?—clutching LOGAN by the back of the neck, a mad mob mauling each other round the white waistcoat of EDWARD OF ARMAGH? According to



Reading the G. O. M. to sleep.

Mr. G. didn't want to say anything that would be understood. When he does, a few lines suffice; when he doesn't, nothing less than a column of print will serve."

Business done.—Vote on Account through Report Stage.

FRANCE AND SIAM.—The situation at Bangkok will probably result in further Devello-opments.

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